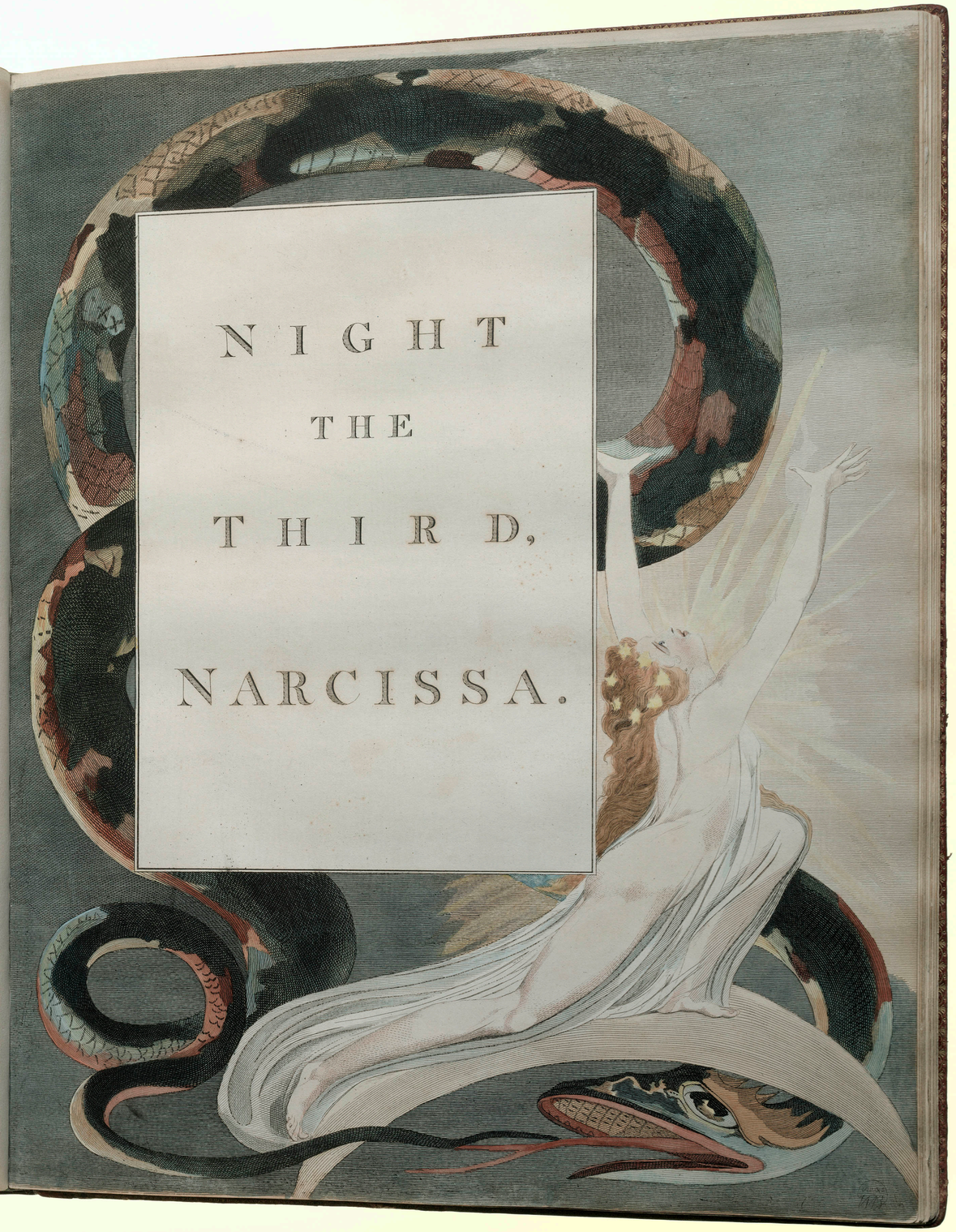
How our hearts burnt within us at the scene!
Whence this brave bound o'er limits fix'd to man?
His GOD sustains him in his final hour—
His final hour brings glory to his GOD!
Man's glory HEAVEN vouchsafes to call her own.
We gaze; we weep—mix'd tears of grief and joy!
Amazement strikes; devotion bursts to flame;
Christians adore—and infidels believe.

As some tall tower, or lofty mountain's brow
Detains the sun, illustrious from its height;
While rising vapours and descending shades
With damps and darkness drown the spacious vale;
Undamp'd by doubt, undarken'd by despair
PHILANDER, thus, augustly rears his head
At that black hour, which general horror sheds
On the low level of the inglorious throng:
Sweet peace, and heavenly hope, and humble joy
Divinely beam on his exalted soul,
Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies,
With incommunicable lustre bright.



NIGHT THE THIRD,

NARCISSA.